SAVANNAH, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1886.

IN ADVANCE. Now Winter is fighting his battles With many an icide lance, But I'm writing a "gentle spring" poem Which the editors wish "in advance".

It is full, as is usual, of "violets". It alludes to the "robin's first peep", Though a blizzard's a daily occurrence, And the snow-drifts are seven feet deep.

But the editors—singular creatures, To whom I am bound hand and foot— Grasp at Father Time's typical forelock, Till it's nearly pulled out by the root.

For they get 'way ahead of the season, In a manner most wily and arch; So that while you are reading December They finish the number for March.

And he who would hope for acceptance Must strike up betimes with his tune, And sing Harvest Home in Mid-Winter And Jingle his sleigh-bells in June.

HE HAD TO STAY.

Genuine Western Hospitality Eastern Nevada

It was in a wild and arid region in Eastern Nevada that a man of middle age and bronzed face was toiling up the eastern slope of a rocky hill, driving before him a tired donkey that moved slowly along with lenged are and Jane, in the house that! You kin cut slowly along, with lopped ears and hanging head. The weather was hot, although the month was October. At each step the hoofs of the donkey struck from the parched soil little wreaths of dust. The man who followed the patient beast was dressed in the garb of a prospecting miner, one of that class whose hopes and needs send them forth to explore the wilds of far-away mountain regions. The donkey bore on his back a few mining tools, a roll of blankets and two or three bags and bundles.

The slope of the hill was long and steep. On all sides stretched brown and treeless hills, about and between which were spread sandy and alkaline plains. The scene was one of dreary sameness and saddest silence. The broad waste was so thinly clothed with stunted sagebrush that on all sides patches of chalky soil and great gray rocks—the bones and nakedness of the mountains - were exposed to view. Not a living thing was seen; not the chirp of a bird was heard.

At last man and animal reached the crest of the ridge up toward which they had so painfully plodded. As they halted on the ridge a look of surprise came into the careworn face of the man, and the donkey raised his drooping head and pricked up his ears.
Where the tired prospector had expectWall, I'm goin' out to cut the head off 'n a ed to find naught but a dreary continued to find naught but a dreary continu-ation of the parched region he had long and have some scaldin' water ready. been passing through he saw before him signs of civilization.

The low sun was almost touching the top of a range of rocky hills far away in the west, and a few tall peaks in the nearer landscape were beginning to send great creeping shadows along the ground. Shading his eyes with his hand, the prospector gazed down upon a little valley, still in the sunshine, that lay spread before him. Through this vale meandered a willow-clothed stream. and on a terrace or plat of a few acres

stood a human habitation.

As the miner, with shaded eyes looked down into the brightly lighted little valley before him his gaze was first turned upon the dwelling it con-tained. He saw a central cabin with lean-to additions at each end. A stick chimney rose above the roof of the central building, and from one of the shedroofed additions projected a stove pipe. Scattered at random about the dwelling were a few small outbuildings, roofed with brush and straw, and a rude pal-ing fence inclosed the whole.

Above the dwelling, on the hillside, appeared a small grove of quaking asps and willows, indicating the presence of living water. Some distance below the grove and the dwelling was fenced off a garden patch of two or three acres, irrigated by the rill from the spring. Down in the main valley, watered by the willow-fringed brook were fenced patches of ground many neres in extent that showed cultivation and growing crops, while on the com-mon bordering the brook, below the cultivated fields, were seen a horse or two and a "handful" of cattle.

When the prospector again turned his eyes toward the little dwelling in the valley the creeping shadow of the big mountain, miles away to the westward, had almost reached it. He ordered his four-footed companion forward and began to descend the slope. Familiar sounds, as of old home music greeted the ears of our miner as he hastened down the hill toward the house, and its neighboring cultivated patches. Dogs barked, sheep bleated, cattle lowed, pigs squealed and even the voice of the turkey gobbler was heard in the land. Better than all else, in the mood he was in, he saw children swarming about the place among dogs and pigs. Some of the youngsters were mounted upon the roofs of sheds and pens and some on the posts of the bars that formed the entrance to the home inclosure, while still others were running to and fro, apparently in the wildest excitement; and a man was also seen standing in the vard before the house.

This man, thus waiting in the yard, was "the man of the house". He had been brought forth by the barking of the dogs and the wild-eyed reports of his children. It was with great surprise that he saw the apparition of the prospector and his donkey descending the slope of the mountain. The man who thus stood forth wore a pair of baggy butternut pantaloons, held up by a single knit woolen suspender; a blue woolen shirt and a tattered straw His butternut-colored hair reached almost down to his shoulders, but his face was clean-shaved. He was a man forty-five or fifty years old, but still solid and sound as a nut. From the moment when he had first seen the miner and his donkey descending the side of the mountain this pioneer ranchman had watched their every step and movement with interest. When the miner finally arrived at the bar, entered the enclosure and ap- square inch .- Albany Journal,

proached the house, the ranchman-with extended hand and a face that showed a smile in every square inch of it—advanced to meet him. Then his cheery voice rang out: "Stranger, howdy! Glad to see yer! Cum fur?

"So fur as that, hey? Wall, wall—blast me, stranger, howdy! Wall, wall—glad ter see yer, by jingo!
"Kin yer git to stay all night? Wall, I recken yer can't git ter do nothin' elst! Thar hain't another house within thirty mile o' here. Yas, stranger, yer kin git to stay all night-blast me!

yer jist kin!
"Hyar! John Thomas — John
Thomas! John Thomas, my boy,
let down the front bars and lead in the gentleman's jackass. Take him round to the east side o' the pig pen, whar the mornin' sun'll strike him, and throw an armful o' fodder over the

"Yas, stranger, yer kin git to stay all night.

"John Thomas-ho, John Thomas! John Thomas, my son, give the stranger's jackass a bucket o water. "Looks to me, stranger, like you're one o' them prospectin' pilgrims. Yas? Wall, I thought so—blast me, I thought

so! As fur as ever I seed you up the hill I thought so. Blast me, yas! I sed to myself that you was one o' them

the crook-necked squash-the stranger "John Thomas-John Thomas, boy;

don't yer hear yer daddy call? Yas?
Wall, then, attend to business. Give
the stranger's jackass a bite o' barley.
"Julia Ann, my girl, don't stand
starin'; run and pull a mess o' turnips. "Blast me, stranger, ef I hain't glad

to see this section a-gittin' so populous! Come, we'll walk inter the house. But fust — John Thomas, boy! John Thomas, bring in all the stranger's things off n his jackass. "Walk in-walk in. Take a seat in

that big split bottom cheer what stands by the corner of the hath. It's the easiest cheer in the house, 'ceptin' that one with rockers onto it, that you see my ole mammy a-settin' in. "Mammy-this is a-prospectin' per-

son-an' he'll-he'll stay all night! "She's a leetle bit deaf, stranger. I had her brought out this summer. She cum all the way from ole Missoury. Blast me, stranger, she jist sets in the chimbly corner as happy as a kitten all day long. Does a feller good to look at her, don't it?

"How old? Wall stranger, her age haint allus bin kept as reg'lar as it ought'r bin, but I reckon she's nigh on

to ninety.
"I say! Sairy Jane, wife, are you out thar in the kitchen? Yer are? Wall,

"Git to stay all night. Wall, stranger, yercouldn't git to do nothin' elst if ver tried!

"Susie, child, git ver daddy his coat; then jist take the stranger's carpet sack an' put it under the bed out in the best

"Yas, yas! I know, Susie, child-I know that! But your gran'mammy kin sleep in the trundle bed, 'long with you and Julia Ann and Amandy Ellen; yer mammy an' me kin take little Jimmy and Mary Louisa inter bed 'long with us, and George Alexander is big enough to go up inter the loft 'long o' the other boys. But, afore yer go, child, jist git a coal o' fire off 'n the hath fur yer gran'mammy's pipe; don't yer see she's

"What, stranger! Yer kin spread yer blankets an' sleep on the floor? No, stranger, yer jist can't spread yer blankets an' sleep on the floor! Wall, blast me! Spread his blankets an'

sleep on the floor? Wall, by jingo! "Stranger, thar hain't another house in thirty miles; an' what does the Bible say 'bout entertainin' a stranger unawares? Git to stay all night? Wants to spread his blankets! Bless my soul, by jingo! "Sairy Jane, wife, be partick'let

an' peel a few pertaters to put in 'long with the chicken!

"Mammy'll talk to yer, stranger, while I go for the hen. You'll find her right peart yit, but yer got ter talk loud like. Yer kin jist move yer cheer back from the hath if yer too warm. We've got ter keep a bit o' fire a-goin' to take the chill off'n her an' to light

her pipe. "Mammy, the stranger'll talk to yer; he'll stay all night!
"Yer might hev ter yell a leetle bit louder'n that, stranger; yer see, she's used to my voice.

"John Thomas, my boy, run out now an' ketch up Bull, Watch, Tige and old Bose an' tie 'em up; they might take to worryin' the stranger's jackass durin' the night, but yer kin let the four pups run loose.
"What! Old Bose is under the bed?

Git the broom and poke him out. He's the consarnedest dog fur sleepin' under beds that I ever see! "Amanda Ellen, girl, pick a basket

o' chips and help yer mammy while I go for that hen. "Sairy Jane, wife! Sairy Jane, yer might jist dash a few dough dumplin's inter the chicken among the pertaters, ef the stranger likes 'em.

" Asked of he could git to stay? Blast me! "Sairy Jane, wife! Better bake a short cake for supper!"-Dan De Quille, in N. Y. Sun.

An Octillionth.

The statement that Mr. Marsh, of Troy, purchased one-octillionth part of an acre of land up in Hamilton County —whose lodes of rich and precious met-als are supposed to be hidden beneath the surface, caused not a few to go to work and figure out the purchase. Said one man: "That amount would be less than the size of a man's hand." The scribe thought it would-so did the two clerks in the Comptroller's office who had charge of computing the daily sales, Messrs. Williams and Bishop. They figured and figured, and came to the conclusion that the purchase could not be discerned with the naked eye. It might with the aid of a microscope. According to their calculation the oneoctillionth part of the area of the State bars, tied up his donkey, let down a of New York is less than half of a

The second of the second

THE UNFASHIONABLE ONE.

A fashionable woman
In a fashionable pew;
A fashionable bounet
Of a fashionable bounet
Of a fashionable hue;
A fashionable mantle
And a fashionable gown,
A fashionable Christian
In a fashionable prayer-book
And a fashionable prayer-book
And a fashionable prayer-book
And a fashionable preacher,
With a fashionable spreech;
A fashionable preacher,
With a fashionable sermon
Made of fashionable reach;
A fashionable welcome
At the fashionable door;
A fashionable welcome
At the fashionable poor;
A fashionable Bleaven
And a fashionable Heli;
A fashionable Blibe
For this fashionable helle,
A fashionable weeling,
A fashionable wod;
A fashionable wod;
A fashionable wod;
A fashionable wod;
But No Fashionable God!

—Merchant Tro

-Merchant Traveler THE "PULLERS-IN"

Employed by Retail Dealers on Certain Streets of New York - How Hatters. Shoemakers and Clothlers Drag in Their Customers-The Women Take Part in Grabbing the Unwary - Experiences in Running the Gauntlet.

From Canal street to Chatham the south side of Baxter street is lined with many Each establishment "puller-in" standing in front of the door, whose business it is to allow MADE FOR PRINCE ALEX- nobody to pass

along the street ANDER. without getting them into the store. The sidewalk is narrow, and all but about four feet is blocked with a mass of hanging overcoats and full suits of clothing mounted on dummies. The "puller-in" is thus able to block the sidewalk and turn the stream of pedestrians into the store. It is the ambition of every "puller-in" to let nobody pass him. If the man has escaped from the store above a special effort is made to grab him. At first the enterprising agents politely ask their victims to look at their stock, but if an attempt is made to get by force is used. The "pullers-in" are big, muscular men, and it is seldom that any one escapes them. No matter how much resistance is made, the man is landed in the store and held there until the salesman gets his hands on him. This sort of persuasion has recently made trouble for the "pullers-in", and sev-eral of them have been brought before the

They are no respecters of persons, and now and then seize upon a man who com-plains of them. A short time ago Justice Duffy was hastening along Baxter street



GRABBING THE UNWARY. then he was captured. He was hustled into a store and shown several suits of clothes which he was forced to examine.

He escaped by buying some suspenders and ollar-buttons. The next day a man named arles Harris complained to the Justice of having been knocked about on Baxter street and asked for a warrant for his assailant's arrest. When the man was brought before him Justice Duffy recog-nized him as Abraham Friedman of No. 8 Baxter street, who had pulled him into his store only the day before.

The persistent clothiers on Baxter street have paid no attention to the order of Jus-tice Duffy, and a burly "puller-in" patrolled the curb in front of every store yesterday. They pulled and hauled as usual and landed the passers-by inside their respective establishments. During the afternoon Ed-ward Mullen of No. 91 Munroe street strayed off from the Bowery and soon found himself among the "pullers-in". He told the men that he was not in need of clothing, but agreed to go inside and look at the stock. After he had gone through the performance three or four times he had enough. But the 'pullers-in' still insisted on his taking a look at the goods. Mullen got augry and tried to pass, but a manin front of No. 42 grabbed him by his arms and pushed him into the store. Then he shut the door and put his back against it until the clerk appeared. Mullen was led to the rear of the store. His overcont was taken off and half a dozen coats were put on one after another. He was buttoned up, and the wrinkles patted down, and a glass thrust before him. Mullen did not need an overcoat, so the persistent clerk compelled

him to try on several suits of clothing.

The same thing was repeated at a number of stores. A man named Lawrence seized him and pulled him into No. 64 Baxter street. This was a boot and shoe store. The proprietor told him to sit down, took off his old shoes and fitted him with a wellpolished second-hand pair. The shoes did not suit, so a new pair was produced. Mul-len thought that he had been bothered enough and made up his mind to have his turn on the "puller-in". With a jump he snatched the new shoes and started out of the store to test the ones on his feet. He ran down the street with Lawrence after him, and was caught by a friendly "puller-in", who held him for a policeman. Mullen was marched off to the station-house and

clerk closed the door, and, standing be-tween it and the reporter, politely took off the latter's hat and said "Burke", as he

looked at the name inside.
"What kind of a hat do you want?" the man asked, still holding the hat.
"I don't want anything to-day."
"You don't mean that."

"I tell you I don't want anything here." "Don't you want a ten dollar gold ecc?" inquired the clerk, as he took down half a dozen hats from a shelf.

half a dozen hats from a shelf.
"That a different thing."
"Well, you'd take that, wouldn't you?
Then how do I know but you want a hat?
You don't know what you want."
The man laid out an assortment of hats and named the prices, finally making a reduction on all of them. He tried on one hat after another and called attention to the worth house the control of the con The man laid out an assortment of hats and named the prices, finally making a reduction on all of them. He tried on one hat after another and called attention to the great bargains offered. During this time he held the reporter's hat in his hand and refused to give it up. At last the reporter made known his errand, when the man explained he was forced to keep a "puller-in" on account of the competition. He said it cost him seventy-five cents a

day for his "helper", who attended "to the outside part of the business".

All along Baxter street the same system of forcing trade is practiced. No sales are

made by the men on the sidewall., but it is their duty to see that no one is allowed to escape from the store. On several occasions persons were caught in the doorway and forced back again into the store. Now and then a fight occurs in the stores, when the "puller-in" is summoned to take care of the man. In the case of Michael Winn, who had an encounter with the man in front of No. 18½ Monday, he received scratches and had his coat torn. It is a frequent occur-rence to have his collar and necktie on the buttons of his coat torn off while struggling to avoid trying on clothing. The whole business is carried on by persuasion at first and then by force. The traders rely upon impressing their victims with the cheapness of the goods, and after putting the clothes on them refuse to give back the old suit, and in this way frighten a great many peo-ple into buying what they never needed or

wanted.

The custom of "pulling-in" is not confined to Baxter street nor to men alone.

The same business methods are practiced with great success in Division street, only here the players in the game are women, and they work for milliners. The whole east side of the long blocks between Catha-rine street and Market is given up almost entirely to bonnetmakers, and every door has its "puller-in" before it, greedily seekng what she may devour.

They are a curious-looking set, these female "pullers-in". They represent almost every age and nationality under the sun. The woman who walks alone through Division street must have a strong mind and stronger arm to resist the prowess of these "pullers-in". Very few pass through the gauntlet without leaving some of their money in the shops. This business has been so long established that it has been reduced to a science. Many of the women have grown gray in the service, but there are always on hand a number of little girls



A DEMONSTRATOR OF MILLINERY. In front of one door, half way up the street, a child, who could hardly have been nore than twelve years old, stood out in the cold all day yesterday and attacked the passers-by in a manner which did credit to her teachers. At a door or two further up another little girl stood shivering be-side her companion, who was giving her

Before another door an old woman, who had resisted the enticements of half a dozen solicitors below, was loudly wrangling with a lively Italian, who would not take "No" for an answer. The solicitor argued and the woman swore. The puller-in" gained the day, however, and, lmost before the victim knew it, she was hustled into the shop and left to the mercies of those inside. These "body-catchers", so the Bowery denizens call them, are very wary, however, and know the moment they look on a passer-by whether she is "game" or not. Although every person who walks through the street is ap-proached in some form or other, there is only a certain class of women who are rudely treated. Experience has made them cautious about tackling a welliressed woman, but the ordinary resident is treated with little ceremony.



A DIVISION STREET "PULLER-IN". The "body-catchers" occasionally make a mistake, however. One day last week a modest little woman, plainly dressed in black, passed the Milliners' row on her way to the Chatham Square Station. The first "puller-in" she came across ap-proached her a little cautiously, and met with no response. The second, emboldened by the other's failure, became a trifle more attentive, while No. 3 grasped her by the arm and nearly forced her inside the door. The woman became frightened, and ran back down the street. Meeting an officer a few blocks away, she complained to him, and had the "puller-in" arrested. The next morning the stranger appeared agaist her, and the "body-catcher" was fined ten dollars for disturbing the peace. This was a rare exception, however, as, in most cases, persons will not take the most cases, persons will not take the trouble to go to court. The officer on beat yesterday on Division street said that this unwillingness on the part of the people in-sulted to complain of the women is the reason that the nuisance can not be abated. These women recognize the fact that

the police can not touch them while standing within the limits of their door-steps, and when the officer is in sight they As the reporter left the crowd in front of the shoe store, he was seized by a "puller-in" for a hat store. The man took him by his arms and pushed him into the store. A include in their trade again with the great est freedom. Besides the arrest mentioned above, only one other has been made for several weeks. A young girl happened to be strolling down the street, looking into the shop-windows, when she became the bone of contention between two rival "body-catchers" and was nearly torn to pieces in the struggle. One of the women in the excitement of the moment slapped the other in the face. The young girl who was the cause of the quarrel escaped and an officer arrested the "pullers-in" and put an end to the fight. Generally, however, they work with the greatest harmony, and a traveler runs the gantlet from one to the

other without causing jealousy.

From eight o'clock in the morning till

CLOISONNE WARE.

A Visit to the Shop of a Famous Japan

ese Manufacturer. There are few persons probably who are not familiar with the bright blue vases and plates decorated with birds and blossoms which enliven the windows of dealers in Oriental goods and artistic tea merchants. The number possibly is much greater of persons who are unaware, or only imperfectly aware, of the processes of which cloisonne enamels are the results, and which have for many generations, since the introduction of the art from China, formed one of the principal artistic industries of Japan. Uninventive themselves, the Japanese possess in a singular degree the faculty of perfecting the arts which they have acquired from other nations. Unwearying assiduity, combined with extreme delicacy of touch, render them unrivaled as workmen in the management and elabora-tion of detail. Their paintings on porcelain, executed with a microscopic minuteness and accuracy, and the fine intricacy of their inlaid and overlaid metal work, are sufficient proofs of their power in this line. But if any doubt still existed it would be speedily dissipated by a visit to a workshop where cloisonne is being made, and an inspection of the processes involved in its manufacture. The greatest living maker of cloisonne in Japan, perhaps in the world also, is one Namikawa, who resides in Kioto, the old capital of the Mikados. A nobleman by birth, be suffered in the troublous times which accompanied the overthrow of the shogun, and, like many of his compeers, survive the malarious fever of the Rungpore Terai.—Saturday Review. had recourse to trade as a means of livelihood, without in any way losing caste. He has established a reputation as the first cloisonne manufacturer of the day, and his wares fetch from the

dealers whatever price he chooses to set upon them. His courtesy to visitors is extreme, and he seems far more anxious to show them over his establishment than to sell them his goods. In a clean, airy apartment, where the light comes in softly through the paper walls, the workers, men and women, can be seen at their tasks. On the surface of the object, generally of copper, which is to be enameled, the design is worked out with tiny metal fillets, like flattened wires, of varying lengths and shapes. These are fastened on with a strong glue, and form the cloisons, or partitions, which are to separate the differently colored enamels. This part of the work seems of almost maddening nicety, and must require immense calmness of nerves and steadiness of hand. The design introduced between the cloisons, in the

having been thus fixed the enamels are form of a dry paste, by means of diminutive chopsticks. The whole is then baked, after which the various little cracks and crevices which appear in the fused enamel are filled with fresh paste, and the article again placed in the oven. In the superior work this process is repeated again and again, until the surface is uniform and without flaw, though as yet rough and luster-less. The polishing is done with a stone, and is a long and tedious operation, occupying several months in the case of articles of any size. The effect of the process is to grind down the inequalities of the enameled surface, un-til the design is left clear and indelible, outlined by the cloisons, and with a

fine vitreous luster.

It is obvious that wares which require so much time and skill in their manufacture should command a high price; and very high accordingly are the prices for good work. Inferior cloisonne can be bought cheap enough, but its purchase is not to be recommended; for, besides flaws in the workmanship, which are apparent at once, the coloring of the enamel is apt to fade. Of course, in order to distinguish good work from bad it is necessary, as in everything else, to be something of a connoisseur; and especially difficult it is to tell coloring which will be durable from that which will prove transient. With regard to the blue color which so aften forms the background of cloisonne wares, it is important that this should be of the right shade, as there are blues of many kinds besides the pure turquoise tint that is to be sought after. The amount of decoration, of course, is one of the considera-tions to be taken into account in de-termining the value of the article; but this must not be too exclusively relied upon, as it not unfrequently happens that a great deal of labor is expended upon ornamentation which is intended conceal other defects, and thus the best work is often the simplest. A background introduced and made specialty of by Namikawa is composed of a transparent blood-colored enamel, lotted with flakes of an opaque white color. Another maker living at Yokohoma inserts among his enamels small pieces of gold-stone; and other artists have different specialties of a similar kind. Antique cloisonne is, as a rule, much discolored, and is for decorative purposes, of little value; time will show whether the works of the famous mod-

A THIBETAN STUDENT. How De Koros, the Great Asiatic Scholar

ern makers are to prove more durable

-Pall Mall Gazette

Lived and Worked. Probably there never was a scholar

who, in the pursuit of his favorite study, was capable of such abstemiousness or showed such a lofty contempt for the very necessaries and decencies of life as De Koros. He lived like an eremite, barring the use of the hair shirt and the scourge. At Yangla, with a Lama and one attendant, he lived for four months in an apartment nine feet square. The temperature was below zero and the three were regularly snowed up. Here De Koros read Thibetan manuscripts literally from morning till night, with hands so numbed that he could hardly turn over the pages. His food was boiled rice and test, flavored with rancid butter. He drank no spirits and would not eat fruits, though Zanskar produces chestnuts and apricots in abundance. The latter, when dried, form the chief food of the natives. He cared nothing for | sion in Alabi

the outer world; wanted neither newspapers nor modern books, but was quite happy with Thibetan volumes on religion, astrology, poetry, philosophy and history, written or printed wooden types, and kept in in-destructible bookcases of cedar. At Titaliya he lived in a native hut, regardless of heat, damp and mosquitoes. He refused the hospitality offered him by Major Lloyd, who, we believe, commanded a detachment of Sepovs at Titaliva. In Calcutta he never even took his ride on the Course in the evening, but walked about the compound or limited grounds of the Asiatic Society, and only saw an intimate friend or some Oriental scholar. No wonder that English officials were compelled to describe him as "a singular union of learning, modesty and greasy habits". A countryman, who, as an artist, happened to be in Calcutta and paid him a visit, was evi-dently amazed at this "prison life". We are not surprised to find that he had some difficulty in expending the monthly allowance of fifty rupees granted him by Government; that he left untouched a sum voted him by the Council of the Asiatic Society and that he repeatedly refused all aid from private sources. Indeed his retiring and modest disposition was not incompatible with a certain amount of unamiable haughtiness and asperity. We could wish that he had lived more generously, changed his blue cotton dress oftener and enjoyed a few simple pleasures. Dominie Sampson was a profound scholar, but in the ruins of Derneleugh he feasted with Merrilies, and fairly drank her health in a cupful of brandy. A more generous diet and a little qui-nine might have enabled De Koros to

CHESTNUTS CONSIDERED. Does Humor Live on from Generation to Generation?

Does a joke ever wear out? Certain gags, quips, puns and smart sayings undoubtedly get old, bald and toothless once in a while and are relegated to the shelves of antiquity, but does a time ever come when they crumble away and are lost or when they become too

decrepit to hobble forth once more? Any attentive newspaper reader will observe in the wit and humor of the present day jokes with which he became familiar when he was a boy, stories which in new clothes and modern millinery he read when he was in school, and which his father and grandfather probably read before him, and puns which were worked off on the survivors of the flood and have been on duty ever since. Each reader will discover some combinations in the construction of modern jokes which will be new to him, but that does not prove that they are not musty to somebody else. Many of our modern humorists have achieved great success in the art of dressing up the wit of past generations. They have invented some new situations, and in some cases they have applied their jokes in such a way as to leave the impression that they were new, as, indeed, they may have been, yet the fact that so much humor lives on from generation to generation in about the same form is suggestive of the idea that most of the jokes which convulse the people of to day caused those of the last century to explode with laughter and are destined to perform the same service for genera

tions yet to come. The habitual reader of modern humor will find in the writings of Addison, Pope, Jerrold, Hood and other wits of long ago strangely familiar ideas, though he may never have seen these works before, and Irving, Phœnix, Doesticks, Mrs. Partington and Artemus Ward and a host of contemporary writers worked the same mines in which modern humorists are delving. It does not necessarily follow that all humorists are delving. It does not necessarily follow that all humorists are plagiarists, but it is a question if the sum of humor increases from age to age and if it is not under vary ing conditions about the same old thing whenever and wherever it is found .-Chicago Herald.

THE PEACOCK.

Another Illusion Dispelled-A Bird With

out Vanity or Brains "It seems like a pity to shatter a belief that has existed for years," said a dealer in pug dogs, pigeons and peacocks this morning to a news gatherer, "but the old, old story of the vanity of the peacock is a miserable myth. I can not understand why people believed in it so long. Why, sir, are you aware that the peacock has less brains than the chicken? Do you know that the peacock is practically the idiot of the feathered tribe, the same as the pug is of the canine race? A peacock, sir, hasn't sense enough to go in when it rains. No, sir. What I say is literally and actually true. I have seen 'em stand out in a storm and pick up corn, while every sensible turkey, goose or duck would be under shelter. "It is simply the gaudy plumage of the peacock that has led to the story of

his vanity. I suppose in days gone by, when some parson or other had no text, he just lit on the peacock as a subject and jumped in without regard to nice distinctions in natural history.

"It is true that when the peacocl hoists his tail and struts around it looks as if he was trying to show off, and all the women folks say: 'Just look at the vain thing!" The truth is that the pea-cock rarely, if ever, exhibits his mag-nificent circular tail except when courting. A male pigeon swells out his neck-feathers, while a barn-yard rooster seeks for dainty morsels for the hens and clucks complimentary clucks. The peacock takes a different style, that's all.

"I don't suppose that a peacock has sense enough to know that his feathers are gaudy or his feet ugly. It's a dead sure fact that he has a smaller head and less in it than any bird you can mention that is half his size in body. Vanity be blowed!" - Philadelphi

J. Wilkes Booth's widow and two children, now grown up, live in seelu-

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Thomas James, of Gainesville, Fla., is the father of fifty-three children .- St. Louis Post.

—General Sheridan, it is said, will write an account of his historic cam-

paign in the Shenandoah Valley. -George Bancroft, the historian, is the only private citizen who has been given the right to the floors of Congress

at all times .- N. Y. Journal. -Reuben R. Thrall, of Rutland, Vt., who was admitted to the Rutland County bar in 1819, has cases on the

docket now .- Rutland Herald. -Maurice Kingsley, a son of Charles Kingsley, the novelist, has made a fortune in the silver mines of Colorado. He has found the mine mightier than

the pen. -The Montezuma (Ga.) Record records the marriage of Mr. Dukes and Miss Beasley, both living near Grangerville. The peculiarity of the incident

is that both are paralyzed and neither has walked a step for months. -Said Hon. Roswell G. Hoar in opening a lecture at Muskegon the other night: "No man makes a failure of life if in all his life work he keeps his affections pure and tender, his head clear and his heart right." That de-

serves to be written in letters of gold. -Detroit Tribune. -Mr. McElhone, chief of the official reporters of the House, has been in the continuous employment of the House as a reporter for the last thirty-five years, or since the debates of Congress have been reported verbatim. He is now training up his son to take his place.—Washington Republican.

-It is impossible to publish the novel Colonel Barnaby, of the Guards, killed in the Soudan, left behind him, because no one has been able to decipher the manuscript. It has been examined by one who knew the author's handwriting well, and has been in the hands of a professional "de-cipherest", but nothing can be made of it.

-William Bender, of Cincinnati, has been sent to an insane asylum because of the litte eccentricity of throwing in the fire a package containing forty thousand dollars in Government bonds. William had been on a prolonged bender, and he fancied some of his relations were seeking his wealth; hence he is now in bonds as a lunatic. - Cincinnati Times.

-The wife of General Sheridan was born in an adobe house at Albuquerque, N. M. The house in which she first saw the light contained one small grated window, a mud chimney in the corner, and a heavy door hung on wooden hinges. Major Rucker, her father, was Quartermaster of the military post at that time, and the infantile years of Mrs. Sheridan were passed amid the rude scenes of a frontier army camp. - Chicago Journal.

HUMOROUS.

-Mr. Tennyson's new poem says that blackbirds have their wills. The lawyers will now all go hunting for blackbirds. - Louisville Courier-Jour-

-Proof-reader to editor - Is this "little bother" or "little brother," in your manuscript? Editor (who has one)-It doesn't make any difference. -Burlington Free Press.

-An agricultural editor says: "No animal can fight and eat at the same time." He has evidently never seen a traveler at a ten-minutes-for-lunch stand. - Philadelphia Call. -A woman has written an essay on

"Silence as a Weapon". This must ac-count for the boldness of a mouse when he hears the mellow shricking of a female at his appearance. He knows she has not her weapon with her.— Yonkers Statesman. -A Student of the Dime Novel .-"Come, now, Bertie, kiss your little sister and make up with her," said mamma to her ten-year-old boy.

'What! the Pawnee Chief bow low to pale-face Cry Baby! Mother, you ask too much."—Tid-Bits. -Dairy Hint: A French agricult ural college experiment is claimed to have demonstrated that giving cowa water at 66 degrees increased the milk vield one-third. How would it do to make the water 132 degrees, and so make the yield two-thirds greater .-

Lowell Courier

-Overheard Coming Out of Church. -She: "Next time you want to sleep during the sermon, you'd better go and sit with Mr. A., and lay your head on him. You'd be really comfortable then." He: "Why? Is Mr. A. nice and—ahem!—soft?" She: "No; but he's one of the pillars of the church."— N. Y. Ledger.

-"What is the difference between this coffee?" asked Fogg at the breakfast-table the other morning, "and that beautiful picture over the mantel?" As nobody ventured a solution, Fogg continued: "That picture is painted in oil, and this coffee is water, colored.' One of those silences which can be felt followed immediately. - Boston Tran-

-Little Katie eame into the library just as Uncle Arthur was finishing up a story with which he was entertaining the other children. "Oh, tell it to me," begged Katie; "please tell it over, Uncle Arthur." "O, no," said Jack; "uncle's tired. We're going to put him to sleep now." "Yes," nounced Harry. "You've come too late, Katie; the edition is exhausted."— Harper's Bazar.

Interesting Arctic Relics.

A series of Arctic relies of strange interest has been carried home by the Captain of an English whaler and transmitted to the English Admiralty. These relics consist of various documents in a cylindrical tin case, which had been deposited by several of the Franklin search expeditions thirty years ago, and a statement left by Sir Allen Young when at Beechey Island in 1875. The Captain states that he picked up the documents in Prince Re-gent's Inlet. He is of the opinion that the natives have cleared out Beechey Island depot of everything that would be of service to man in those regions. — N. Y. Post.